

In Recital

Sarah Chaput, Soprano
with
Greg Caisley, Piano

Friday, March 10, 1995 at 8:00 pm

Convocation Hall, Arts Building



Department of Music
University of Alberta

I would like to dedicate tonight's
recital to my parents; without
their unending support I would be lost

Program

Il mio bel foco

Benedetto Marcello
(1686-1739)

Danza, danza, famcivlla gentile

Francesco Durante
(1684-1755)

Zigeunermelodien, Op. 55 (1880)

Antonín Dvořák
(1841-1904)

1. Mein Lied ertönt
2. Ei, wie mein Triangel
3. Rings ist der Wald
4. Als die alte Mutter
5. Reingestimmt die Saiten
6. In dem weiten, breiten, luft'gen Leinenkleide
7. Hortest hoch der Habicht

From Rigoletto (1851)
Caro Nome

Giuseppe Verdi
(1813-1901)

INTERMISSION

Enfant, si j'étais Roi (1841-42)
S'il est un charmant gazon (1841-42)
Comment, disaient - ils (1841-42)
Oh! quand je dors (1841-42)

Franz Liszt
(1811-1886)

From Die fledermaus (1874)
Mein Herr Marquis

Johann Strauss
(1825-1899)

From Ruddigore 1887
If somebody there chanced to be

Sir Arthur Sullivan
(1842-1900)

From The Mikado (1885)
The Sun, whose rays are all ablaze

William S Gilbert
(1836-1911)

From The Pirates of Penzance (1879)
Poor wandering one

Texts and Translations

My joyful Ardor

My joyful Ardor,
whether near of far distant from thee I tarry
Unchanged and constant ever,
For thee, O my beloved,
Shall languish never.

In my heart the flames that burn me
All my soul do so enravish,
That they ne'er shall cease to glow

And should fate to ye return me,
Wand'ring rays of my fair sun,
Other light I covet none,
Nor the wish can ever know.

Dance, O dance, maiden gay

Dance, o dance, maiden gay, to the song that I song;
Lightly and airily fly
While bounding, resounding, the billows outring!
Dust thou hear the low voices of breezes soft blending
Appeal to thy heart with their blandishing tone?
They invite to a dance never ending,
And whisper, "Dance on! Dance on!"

Gypsy Songs

My song of love
rings through the dusk
Just as the day os fading,
And when the moss
the withered grass drink the dew
My song rings out
with longing fraught
As though the world I wander,
But once I'm in my native plains,
My song grows clearer,
My song grows stronger.
My song rings out in joy and love
When storms the plains are whipping,
And from the grasp of
want my friend
To death's release is slipping.

Ring out my triangel,
Sing your bell-like ringing,
Like a gypsy singing
When his death is nearing!
When his death is nearing,
Call him the triangles:
Leave your gypsy bangles,
Loving, dancing, fearing,
Leave your gypsy bangles

All round about
the woods are still,
My heart alone is crying,
My heart alone is crying;
The acrid smoke
that haunts the vale
My tears is swiftly drying.
You need not do this, wind, for me,
I'll not succumb to sorrow,
I'll not succumb to sorrow!
For he who grieving still can sing
Knows how to face the morrow!

When my mother taught me
Songs she cherished dearly,
Bitter tears would glisten
On her eyelids weary.
Now my eyes are weeping
Tears of bitter yearning,
When my gypsy children
These old strains,
these old strains are learning!

Come and join the dancing,
Pipes and fiddle follow:
Leap with joy, leap while leap you may.
Morn, morn may bring you sorrow,
Morn may bring you sorrow.
There'll be no returning
From the great hereafter,
Take your bow, take your bow and fiddle,
Join the dance, join in song and laughter
join in song and laughter,
Take your bow and fiddle!
Join in song and laughter!

Wide the sleeves and trousers
of the gypsy song-man, suit him for better
Than a gold-cloth dolman,
Suit him far better
Than a gold-cloth dolman.
Doublets made of gold cloth
Ardent hearts do smother,
And the songs of freedom
Die beneath their cover.
So if gypsy music,
Gypsy songs you cherish,
Wish that through the wide world
Gold and wealth may perish;
Wish that through the wide world
Gold and wealth may perish!

Give a hawk a fine cage
Made of purest gold,

He will not exchange it
For his nest of old.
Try to catch a stallion
Riding through the plain,
Try to make him docile
You will try in vain.
Nature's dearest present
To the gipsy clan
Was a bond with freedom,
with freedom, and
Break it no man can.

Caro Nome

The hunchback Rigoletto is a jester at court. His wife is dead, and he has always concealed his lovely daughter, Gilda, from the world. At last she met a handsome young man who makes his way into their walled garden and declares his love. She muses on his name, Gualtier Maldé, not suspecting that he is really the Duke of Mantua, Rigoletto's employer, in search of adventure.

"Gualtier Maldé,"
name of him so much loved,
you engrave yourself
on my enamored heart!

Dear name which first made
my heart throb,
you must always recall to
me the delights of love!
In my thoughts, my desire
will always fly to you;
and even my last breath,
dear name, will be yours.
My desire will evermore
fly to you!

My Child, were I a king
My child were I a king.
empires I would surrender.
And my sceptre and my throne,
and my subjects so true,
I'd give my crown of gold,
and my palace of splendour,
My ships, too, that cleave the ocean's
flood a sunder,
To gain one look,
to gain one look from you,
just one look from you.
And were I God,
I'd forfeit earth and ocean,
the angels and the demons
who bow to my decree,
And darkest chaos' night,

as it groans in ceaseless motion,
Eternity and space and the Heav'n
and the worlds,
To win a kiss,
To win a kiss from you,
a kiss from you.

If I knew a meadow fair,
Wet by pearly showers
Where blossom all thro' the year
Never fading flowers.
Where we cull from largess free
fleur-de-lys, honey suckle, and jasmine
There a path I'd make for thee
Where thy feet should wander.
Perfumed by the roses,
Where each day, with joy inwove,
Some new charm discloses;
A dream by Heaven bless'd,
Where soul to soul is express'd,
Oh, there thy heart should make a nest
Where my love reposes.

"O How," Murmured he,
"Can we with our light bark\Flee the alguazils?"
"row, row" answer'd she.
"O how" mutter'd he,
"E'er forget our perils
And grief and misery?"
"Sleep, sleep," answer'd she.
"And how," whispered he,
"Can we win the maidens
Without magic charm?"
"Love, love," answered she.
"Row, sleep, love"
answer'd she.

O in my dreams
let me see thee before me,
As to Petrarch Laura
came in days of yore.
And let a breath
from thy lips hover o'er me,
That peace returning
be mine once more.
On my sad brow,
which some grief is opposing,
Some evil dream,
by which I'm captive held,
Cast one glance
from those eyes so caressing,
And all my sorrow
will be dispell'd,
Bend to my lips,

Text and Translation Cond't

as a vision from heaven,
Become a woman,
angel that thou art,
Place there a kiss,
and love so gladly given
Shall leap to flame
with my heart,
O come!
as Laura came to
Petrarch of yore!

Adele, Mrs. Eisenstein's chamber-maid borrows a gown of her mistress. She sneaks off to a ball, and is confronted by her master. Without admitting her identity she tries to bluff her way through by singing the Laughing Song.

My dear Marquis, a man like you
ought to know better that that
and let me therefore advise you
to look at people a little more closely
Me hand is surely too tiny to behold
My foot too small and too graceful
me speech so refined
my dainty waist and elegant figure
You'll never find a ladies maid who has these things
You really must admit that your mistake
was a very funny one indeed

chorus:

Yes very funny indeed ha-
Is the matter ha-
very funny, Herr Marquis are you!

With this profile of Grecian style
by Nature I was endowed
But if my face alone is not evidence enough,
Please look at my figure
Then thru your lornette kindly
examine the way I dress
I honestly believe love
had blurred your sight
The vision of that fair lady's maid
holds your heart enthralled
So now you see her everywhere
truly a very funny thing to happen.

Rose has a diffident suitor, Robin, and would like to encourage him. But, as she now explains to the elderly Dame Hannah, any such possibility seems to be barred by the book of etiquette which she unfailingly consults for guidance.

If somebody there chanced to be

Who loved me in a manner true,
My heart would point him out to me,
And I would point him out to you,
But here it says of those who point,
Their manners must be out of joint-
You may not point-you must not point-
It's manners out of joint, to point!
Ah! Had I the love of such as he,
Some quiet spot he'd take me to,
Then he could whisper it to me,
And I could whisper it to you.
But whispering I've somewhere met,
Is contrary to etiquette;
Where can it be? Now let me see-
Yes, yes! It's contrary to etiquette.

If any well-bred youth I knew,
Polite and gentle, neat and trim,
Then I would hint as much to you,
And you could hint as much to him.
But here it says in plainest print,
"It's most unlady-like to hint"-
You may not hint, you must not hint
It says you musn't hint in print!
Ah! And if I loved him through and through-
(True love and not a passing whim,)
Then I could speak of it to him.
But here I find it doesn't do
To speak until you're spoken to.
Where can it be? Now let me see-
Yes, yes! "Don't speak until you're spoken to."

Yum-Yum, her schooldays over and marriage her goal, knows herself to be a beauty and is not ashamed of it. She has proclaimed herself 'a child of Nature' and follows Nature's example.

The sun whose rays are all ablaze
With ever living glory,
Does not deny His majesty-
He scorns to tell a story!
He won't exclaim, "I blush for shame,
So kindly be indulgent";
But, fiery gold, He glories all effulgent.
I mean to rule the earth,
As he the sky-
We really know our worth,
the sun and I!

I mean to rule the earth,
As he the sky-
We really know our worth, the sun and I!
Observe his flame,
That moun's Celestial Highness;

There's not a trace
Upon her face
Of diffidence or shyness:
She borrows light
that, thro' the night,
Man-kind may call acclaim her!
And, truth to tell,
She lights up well;
So I, for one, don't blame her.
Ah, pray make no mistake,
We are not shy;
We're very wide awake,
The moon and I!
Ah, pray make no mistake,
We are not shy;
We're very wide awake, The moon and I!

Frederic has resolved to give up membership of the pirate crew and return to respectable society. Will no young lady take pity on him? Yes, Mabel will-with a lilting waltzing-rythm which shows how happy the prospect makes her.

Poor wand'ring one!
Tho' thou hast surely stray'd,
Take heart of grace,
Thy steps retrace,
Poor wand'ring one!
Poor wand'ring one!
If such poor love as mine
Can help thee find
True peace of mind-
Why, take it, it is thine!
Take heart, fair days will shine;
Take any heart-take mine!

